Londons Tempe,

OR,

The Feild of Happines.

In which *Feild* are planted seuerall Trees of Magnificence, *State and Bewty*, *to Celebrate the Solemnity of the Right* Honorable *Iames Campebell*, At his Inauguration into the Honorable *Office of Prætorship, or Maioralty of London, on Thursday the 29 of October*, 1629.

All the particular Inuentions, for the Pageants, Showes of Triumph, *both by Water and land being here fully set downe*, *At the sole Cost*, and liberall Charges of the Right worshipfull Society of *Ironmongers*.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.

Quando magis Dignos licuit Spectare Triumphos?

To the Right honorable *Iames Campe-bell*, Lord Maior of the most renowned Citty of *London*.

Honorable Prætor:

THe Triumphes which these few leaues of paper, present to your view, (Albeit their glories are but short-liued as glittering onely for a day) Boldly shew their faces vnto the eye of the world, as Seruants attending on your Lordship onely to doe you honor.

With much care, cost and curiosity are they brought forth; And, with exceeding greatnes of Loue, a free handed bounty of their Purse, a Noble and generous Alacrity of Spirit, haue your worthy Fraternity, and much to be honored Brother-hood of Ironmongers, bestowed them vpon you.

It much winnes vpon them, to haue such a Cheife; and you cannot but be glad to haue such a Society: By a free Election are you Londons Prætor; The Suffrages of Commoners call you to your seate. A succession to the place, Takes you by the hand, your Industry hath met with Blessings, those blessings giuen you ability, and that ability makes you fit for a Maiestrate.

Yet there is a musicke in your owne bosome, whose strings

being touchd yeilds as harmonius a ſound to you, as All their: And that is, to ſee your ſelfe heire to that Patrician Dignity *with which your Father was Inueſted. It was an honor to him to weare that Robe of* Scarlet, *It is a double glory to you, in ſo ſhort an age to haue his ſword borne before you.*

You haue the voyce of Senators *breathing out your welcome, A confluence of* Graue Citizens, *Adding ſtate to your ſtate, The acclamations of People, vſhering you along. Whilſt* I (*the leaſt part of this Triumphant day*) *ſpend ſuch ſand as* I *haue to helpe to fill vp the houre glaſſe, my Seruice ronning.*

Attending on your Lordſhip

Thomas Dekker.

Londons Tempe.

Ere it possible for a Man, in the Compasse of a Day, to behold (as the Sunne does) All the Cities in the World, as if he went with Walking Beames about him; That Man should neuer see in any Part of the yeare, Any Citty, so Magnificently Adorned with All Sorts of Tryumphes, variety of Musicke, of Brauery, of Bewty, of Feastlings, of Ciuill (yet Rich) Ceremonies, with gallant Lords and Ladies, and Thronges of People as *London* is inriched with, on the first Day, that Her Great Lord (or Lord Maior, for tis all one) Takes, That Office vpon him.

In former Ages, He was not Encompast with such Glories, No such Firmaments of Starres were to be seene in *Cheape-side*: *Thames* dranke no such Costly Healthes to *London*, as hee does Now. But as *Troynouant* spred in Fame, so our *English* Kinges, shined vpon her with Fauours.

In Those Home-spun Times, They had no Collars of SS, no Mace, Sword, nor Cap of Maintenance,

These came by Degrees, as *Additamenta Honorũ*, additions or Ensignes of more Honour, Conferd by seuerall Princes on this Citty: For, in the time of *Edward Confessor*, the chiefe Ruler of the Citty was called *Reeue*, *Greeue*, or *Portreeue*: The next to him in authority, *Prouost*.

Then in the first of *Richard* 1. two Bayliffes carried the sway: This continued till the ninth of King *Iohn*, who by Letters Patents gaue the Citizens power, yearely to choose themselues a Lord Maior, and two Sheriffes.

Then, King *Henry* 3. made the first *Aldermen* in *London* (yet the Name of *Ealdorman* was knowne in the *Saxons* time, for *Alwin* in the reigne of *Edgar*, was *Alderman of All England*, that is to say, *Chiefe Iustice*:) and those *Aldermen* of *London*, had Rule then (as Now) ouer the Wardes of the Citty, but were euerie yeare changed, as the Shreiffes are in these dayes.

Then *Edward* 1. ordained that the Lord Maior, should in the Kings absence, sit in all Places within *London*, as Chiefe Iustice; And that euery *Alderman* that had bin Lord Mayor, should be a Iustice of Peace for *London* and *Middlesex* all his life after.

Then, in the reigne of *Henry* 7. S^r. *John Shaw* Goldsmith, being Lord Maior, caused the *Aldermen* to ride from the *Guild-hall* to the water side, when he went to take his Oath at *Westminster*, (where before they Rode

by

by land thither,) and at his returne to ride againe to the *Guild-hall*, there to dine, all the Kitchens, and other Offices there, Being built by Him: ſince which time, the Feaſt has there bin kept: for before, it was either at Grocers Hall, or the Merchantaylors.

Thus ſmall Rootes grow in time to *Cædars*, ſhallow ſtreames, to riuers, and a Hand of Gouernment to be the ſtrongeſt *Arme* in a Kingdome. Thus you ſee *London* in her meane attyre, then in Robes Maieſtical; and ſitting in that Pompe, caſt your Eye, vpon thoſe alluring Obiects, which ſhe her ſelfe Beholds with *Admiration*.

The firſt.

The firſt Scæne is a Water-worke, preſented by *Oceanus*, King of the Sea (from whoſe Name the Vniuerſall Maine Sea is called the Ocean) He, to celebrate the Ceremonies and Honors, due to this great Feſtiuall, and to ſhew the world his Marine Chariot, ſits Triumphantly in the Vaſt (but Queint) ſhell of a ſiluer Scollup, Reyning in the heads of two wild Seahorſes, proportioned to the life, their maynes falling about their neckes, ſhining with curles of gold.

On his head, which (as his Beard) is knotted, long, careleſly ſpred, and white, is placd, a Diadem, whoſe Bottome, is a conceited Coronet of gold; The middle ouer that, is a Coronet of ſiluer Scollops, and on the

top

top a faire ſpreading branch of Corrall, interwoued thickly with Pearle. In his right hand, a golden Trident, or three forked Scepter.

His habit is *Antique*, the ſtuffe watchet, and ſiluer: a mantle croſſing his body, with ſiluer waues, Bales, and Buskins cut likewiſe at the top into ſiluer ſcollups. And in this language he congratulates his Lordſhip.

Oceanus his Specch.

THus Mounted, hither comes the King of waues,
Whoſe voyce Charmes roughеſt Billows into ſlaues,
Whoſe Foote, treades downe their necks with as much
As in my ſhelly Coach, I reyne vp Theſe. (*Eaſe*
Lowd Ecchoes cald me from my glittering Throne
To ſee the Noble Thameſis, ---- *Soone*
To this my Queene and Mee (Tethys) *whoſe Eare*
Ne're Iewеld vp ſuch Muſick as ſounds Here.
For, our vnfaddomd World, Roares out with None
But Horrid Sea fights, Nauies Ouerthrowne,
Ilands halfe-drownd in Bloud, Pyrates pell mell,
Turkes *ſhuiſh tugging Oares, The* Dunkerks *Hell,*
The Dutchmans *Thunder, And the* Spaniards *Lightning,*
To whom, the Sulphures Breath giues Heate & Heightning,
O! Theſe are the Dire Tunes my Conſort ſings,
But here! old Thame *out ſhines the Beames of Kings.*
This Citty Aades New Glories to Ioues *Court.*

And

And to All you, who to this Hall resort,
This Lacteavia (as a Path) is given,
Being Paued with Pearle, as that with Starres in heauen.
I could (wall my trayne) Becon the Rhine.
(But the white Boare hes tusked vp his vine.)
I could S with Volga Call, whose curla head lies
On seauen rich pillowes, (But, in merchandize
The Russian, him imployes) - I could to theis
Call Ganges, Nilus, long haird Euphrates,
Tagus whose golden Hands claspe Lisbone walles,
Him could I call too, - But what needs theis calles?
Were they all here, they would weepe out there eyes,
Madde that new Troys high towers on tiptoe rize
To hit Heauens Roofe: Madde, to see Thames this day
(For all his age) in wanton windinges Play,
Before his, new Graue Prætor, and before
Theis senators, - Best fathers of the poore.
That Grand Canale, where (stately) once a yeare
A Fleete of bridall Gondoletts appeare,
To marry with a golden Ring, (Thus Hurld,
Into the sea) That minion of the world
Venice to Neptune, - A poore Lantscip is,
To these full Brauereis of Thamesis.
Goe therefore vp to Cæsars Court, - And clayme
What honors there are left to Campe-bels name
As by dissent, whilst we tow vp a tyde
Which shall ronne sweating vp by you barges side:

That done, Time *ſhall* Oceanus *Name Inroll,*
For guarding You to Londons *Capitoll.*

The ſecond Preſentation.

The Inuention is a Proud-ſwelling Sea, on whoſe Waues is borne vp, a ſea Lyon, as a proper and eminent Body, to Marſhall in the following Triumphes; In reguard it is one of the ſupporters of the Eaſt Indian Company, of which his Lordſhip is free, and a great aduenturer. And theſe Marine creatures, are the more fitly imployed, In regard alſo, that his Lordſhip is Maior of the Staple, Gouernour of the *French* Company, and free of the Eaſt-land Company.

On this Lyon (which is cut out of wood to the life) rides *Tethys* wife to *Oceanus*, and Queene of the Sea; for why ſhould the King of waues be in ſuch a glorious progreſſe without his Queene, or ſhe without him? They both therefore twin themſelues together to heighten theſe ſolemnities.

Her haire is long, and Diſheuelled, on her head, an antique ſea-tyre, encompaſſ with a Coronall of gold and pearle, her garments rich, and proper to her quality, with a Taffaty mantle fringed with ſiluer croſſing her body. Her right hand, ſupporting a large ſtreamer, in which are the Lord Maiors armes.

On each ſide of this Lyon, attend a *Mermaid*, and

Merman.

Merman, holding two Banners, with the *Armes* of the two New Shrieues, ſeuerall fiſhes ſwimming as it were about the border. *And* theſe two hauing diſpatched on the water, haſten to aduance themſelues on Land.

The third.

The third ſhow is an Eſtridge, cut out of timber to the life, biting a horſe-ſhoe. On this Bird rides an Indian boy, holding in one hand a long *Tobacco pipe*, in the other a dart. His attire is proper to the Country.

At the foure angels of the ſquare where the Eſtridg ſtands, are plac'd a *Turke*, and a *Perſian*. *A* pikeman & a Muſketeere.

The fourth.

The fourth preſentation is called *the Lemnian Forge*. In it are *Vulcan*, the *Smith* of *Lemnos*, with his ſeruants (the *Cyclopes*) whoſe names are *Pyracmon*, *Brontes* & *Sceropes*, working at the *Anuile* Their habite are waſt coates, and lether approns: their haire blacke and ſhaggy, in knotted curles.

A fire is ſeene in the Forge, Bellowes blowing, ſome filing, ſome at other workes; Thunder and Lightning on occaſion. As the Smiths are at worke, they ſing in praiſe of Iron, the *Anuile* and *Hammer*: by the concordant ſtroakes and ſoundes of which, *Tuballcayne* became the firſt inuentor of *Muſicke*.

Londons Tempe.

The Song.

BRaue Iron! Braue Hammer! from your ſound,
The Art of Muſicke has her Ground,
On the Anuile, Thou keep'ſt Time,
Thy Knick-a-knock is a ſmithes Beſt Chyme,
Yet Thwick a-Thwack,
Thwick, Thwac a-Thwac-Thwac,
Make our Brawny ſinewes Crack,
Then Pit a-pat-pat, pit-a-pat-pat,
Till thickeſt barres be beaten flat.

We ſhooe the Horſes of the Sunne,
Harneſſe the Dragons of the Moone,
Forge Cupids Quiuer, Bow, and Arrowes,
And our Dames Coach, thats drawne with Sparrowes.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Ioues Roaring Cannons, and his Rammers,
We beate out with our Lemnian Hammers,
Mars his Gauntlet, Helme and Speare,
And Gorgon Shield are all made here.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

The Grate which (ſhut) the Day out-barres,
Thoſe golden ſtuddes which naile the ſtarres,
The Globes-caſe, and the Axletree,
Who can Hammer theſe but Wee.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

A Warming-panne to heate Earth's bedde,
Lying i'th frozen Zone halfe-dead,
Hob-nailes to ſerue the Man ith Moone,
And Sparrow-bils to cloute Pan's *ſhoone.*
Whoſe worke but ours? Till thwic-a-thwack, &c,
Venus *Kettles, Pots and Pennes,*
We make, or elſe ſhe Brawles and Bannes,
Tonges, Shouels, Andirons haue their places,
Elſe ſhee ſcratches all our faces.
Till thick a-thwack, &c.

Cupid ſits in one place of this Forge; on his head a curld yellow haire, his eyes hid in Lawne, a Bow and Quiuer, his armour: Wings at his backe; his body in light colours, a changeable ſilke mantle croſſing it: Golden and ſiluer arrowes, are euer and anon reached vp to him, which hee ſhootes vpward into the aire, and is ſtill ſupplied with more from the Forge.

On the top ſits *Ioue*, in a rich *Antique* habite, a long white reuerend hayre on his head, a beard long and curld: A Mace of Triple fire in his hand burning who calling to *Vulcan*, This language paſſes betweene them. Ioue. *Ho* Vulcan.

Vul. *Stop your Hammers: what ayles* Ioue?
We are making arrowes for my ſlip-ſtring ſonne,
Here, --- reach him thoſe two dozen; I muſt now
A golden handle make for my wifes fann:
Worke my fine Smugges.

Ioue *Firſt heare; you ſhall not play,*
The Fates would ſcold ſhould you keepe Holiday.
Vul. *What then?*
Iov. *Command thy Brawny-fiſted ſlaues to ſweate*
At th' Anuile, and to duſt their Hammers beate,
To ſtuffe with Thunderbolts Ioues *Armoryes,*
For Vices (mountaine-like) in black heapes rize,
My ſinewes crack to fell them :-- Ideot pride
Stalkes vpon ſtilts, - Ambition, *by her ſide,*
Climbing to catch Starres, breakes her necke it'h fall,
The Gallant Roares, -- Roarers drinke oathes and gall,
The Beggar curſes, -- Auarice eates gold
Yet ne're is fild, -- Learning's a wrangling ſcold,
Warre has a Fatall hand, -- Peace, whoriſh Eyes,
Shall not Iove, *beate downe ſuch Impieties?*
Iſt not high time, Iſt not true Iuſtice then
(Vulcan) *for thee, and thy tough Hammer-men*
To heate thy Anuile, -- and blow fires to flames
To burne theſe Broodes, who kill euen with their Names?
Vul. *Yes* Ioue, *tis more then Time.*
Iove. *And what helpes this, but Iron! O then, how high*
Shall this Great Troy, *Text vp the Memory*
Of you her Noble Prætor, and all Thoſe
(*Your worthy Brotherhood*) *through whoſe Care goes*
That rare, rich prize of Iron, to the whole Land,
Iron! farre more worth then Tagus *golden Sand.*
Iron! beſt of Mettals! Pride of Minerals!

Hart of the Earth! Hand of the World, which fals
Heauy when it ſtrikes home: -- By Irons ſtrong Charmes
Ryots lye bound: --Warre ſtops her rough Allarmes
Iron; Earthquakes ſtrikes in Foes: --Knits friends in loue,
Iron's that maine Hinge, on which the World doth moue:
No Kingdomes Globe can turne, Euen, Smooth and Round,
But that his Axletree in Iron is found:
For, Armies wanting Iron, are puffes of wind,
And, but for Iron, who thrones of peace would mind?
Were there no gold nor ſiluer in the land:
Yet Nauigation (which on Iron does ſtand)
Could fetch it in --Gold's Darling to the Sunne,
But Iron, his hardy Boy, by whom is done
More than the Tother dare: The Merchants Gates
By Iron, barre out theeuiſh aſſaßinates:
Iron is the Shop-keepers both Locke and Kay,
What are your Cours of Guard, when Iron's away?
How would the Corne pricke vp her golden Eares:
But that Iron Plough ſhares, all the labour beares
In Earth's ſtrange Midwiffry? Braue Iron! what praiſe
Deſerues it? More tis beate, more it obayes,
The more it ſuffers: More it ſmoothes offence:
In Drudgery, it ſhines with Patience.
This Fellowſhip, was then with Iudging Eyes
Vnited to the twelue great Companies:
It being farre more Worthy, than to Fill
A File inferiour; -- Yon's the Sunne's guilt Hill:

On toot: Ioue guardes you on: Cyclopes a Ring
Make with your Hammers, to whose Musicke Sing.

The Fift.

The fift Presentation is called *Londons Tempe*, or *The Field of Happinesse*; thereby reflecting vpon the name of *Campe-bell*, or *Le Beu Champe, A faire and glorious field.* it is an arbor, supported by 4 Great Termes: On the 4 Angles, or corners ouer the Termes, are placed 4 Pendants with armes in them.

It is round about furnished with trees and flowers: the vpper part with seuerall fruites: Intimating that as *London* is the best-stored Garden in the Kingdome for Plants, Herbes, Flowers, Rootes, and such like; So, on this day it is the most glorious Citty in the Christian world.

And therefore *Tytan* (one of the names of the Sun) in all his splendor, with *Flora, Ceres, Pomona, Ver* and *Estas*, are seated in this *Tempe*; on the top of all stands a Lyons head, being the Lord Maiors Crest.

Tytan being the Speaker, does in this language court his Lordship to attention.

Tytan his Specch.

WElcome (great Prætor) Now heare Tytan *speake,*
Whose beames to Crowne this Day, through Clouds
My coach of beaten gold is set aside, (thus Breake

My Horſes to Ambroſiall mangers tied,
Why is this done? why leaue I mine owne Sphere?
But here to circle You, for a whole Yeare:
Embrace then Tytans *Counſell:--Now ſo Guide*
The Chariot of your ſway in a Iuſt Pace,
That All (to come hereafter) may with Pride,
Say, None like you did Noblier quit the Place:
Lower than Now you are in Fame, Neuer fall,
Note me (the Sunne) who in my Noone Careere,
Renders a ſhaddow, ſhort or None at all,
And ſo, ſince Honors Zodiac is your ſphære,
A ſhrub to you muſt be the talleſt Pine,
On poore and rich you Equally muſt ſhine.
This if you Doe, my Armes ſhall euer ſpread
About thoſe Roomes you Feaſt in:--From her head
Flora, *her garlands plucke (beeing Queene of Flowers)*
To dreſſe your Parlors vp like ſummers Bowers:
Ceres, *lay golden ſheaffes on your full boord,*
With fruit you from Pomona *ſhall be ſtoard,*
Whilſt Ver *and* Eſtas (*Spring and Sommer*) *Driue*
From this your Tempe, *Winter, till he Diue*
I'th frozen Zone, and Tytans *Radiant ſhield*
Guard Campe-bels *Beuch ampe,* Londons *faireſt field.*

The ſixth and laſt Preſentation.

This is called *Apollo's* pallace: becauſe 7. perſons repreſenting the 7 liberall Sciences are richly Inthro-

nd in this Citty. Those 7 are in loose roabes of seuerall cullors, with mantles according, and holding in their hands Escutcheons, with Emblemes in them proper to euery one quality.

The body of this worke is supported by 12 siluer Columnes. At the foure angles of it, foure Pendants play with the Wind: On the top is erected a square Tower, supported by foure golden Columes. In euery square is presented the Embosd antique head of an Emperour, figuring the 4. Monarches of the world, and in them, pointing at foure Kingdomes.

Apollo is the chiefe person; on his head a garland of bayes; In his hand a Lute; Some Hypercriticall Censurer perhaps, will aske, why hauing *Tytan*, I should bring in *Apollo*, sithence they both are names proper to the Sunne. But the yongest Nouice in Poetry can answer for me, that the Sunne when he shines in heauen is called *Tytan*, but being on Earth (as he is here) we call him *Apollo*. Thus therefore *Apollo* tunes his voyce.

Apoloes speech.

APollo neuer stucke in Admiration till now: My Delphos is remouen hither; my Oracles are spoken here: Here the Sages vtter their wisedome Here the Sybels their diuine verses.

I see Senators this day in Scarlet riding to the Capitoll, and to morrow the same men riding vp and downe

downe the field in Armors, Gowned Citizens, and Warlike Gowne-men. The Gunne here giues place, and the owne takes the vpper hand. The Seruants and the Gunne march in one File together.

Happy King that has such people, happy Land in such a King! Happy Prætor so grac'd with Honors! Happy Senators so obayed by Citizens. And happy Citizens that can command such Triumphes.

Go od in your full glories: whilst *Apollo*, and these Mistresses of the Learned Sciences, waft you to that Honourable shore; whither *Time* bids you hasten to arriue.

A speech at Night, at taken leaue of his Lordship at *his Gate, by Oceans.*

After the glorious troubles of this day,
Night bids you welcome home,—Night who does lay
All pompe, all Triumphs, by,-state, now desends,
Here or Officious Trayne their seruice ends,
And yet not all, for see: the golden Sunne,
Albeiu he has his dayes worke fully done,
Sits vp aboue his houre, and does his best
To keepe the starres from lighting you to rest,
Him will I take along to lay his head
In Tethys lape, Peace therefore Guard your bedds:
In your yeares Zediacke may you fairely moue,
Shin'd on by Angels, blest with goodnes loue.

Thus much, his owne worth, cryes vp the Workman (M. *Gerard Chrismas*) for his Inuention, that all the peeces were exact, and set forth liuely, with much Coſt. And this yeere, giues one Remarkeable Note to after times, that all the Barges followed one another (euery Company in their degree) in a Stately and Maiesticall order. This being the Inuention of a Noble Citizen, one of the Captaines of the City.